Fitz. How fondly dost thou spurre a forward horse.
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or liue,
I dare meet Surry in a Wildernesse,
And spit vpon him whilst I say he lyes,
And lyes, and lyes: there is my bond of Fayth,
To tie thee to my strong correction:
As I intend to thriue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Besides, I heare the banished *Norffolke* say:
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke of *Calice*.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes, heere do I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald to try his honour?
Bull. These differences shall all rest vnder gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeald, repeald he shall be,
And Though mine enemie, restor'd againe
To all his Lands and Signories: when he is return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will inforce his triall.
Carl, That honorable day shall neuer be seene:
Many a time hath banisht Norfolke fought
For Iesus Christ, in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian crosse,
Against blacke Pagans, Tnrkes, and Saracens,
And toyld with workes of Warre, retir'd himselfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to a pleasant countries earth,
And his pure soule vnto his Captaine Christ,
Vnder whose colours he had fought so long.
Bull. Why Bishop, is *Norffolke* dead?
Carl. As sure as I liue, my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peece conduct his sweet soule to the bosome
Of good old Abraham: Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest vnder gage,
Till we assigne you to your dayes of triall.

Enter Yorke,

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee,

From